

The Horse.

OAKLAND COUNTY NOTES.

Some Fine French Draft Horses owned by N. J. Ellis, of Springfield.

A short time since we paid a visit to the stock farm owned by N. J. Ellis, of Springfield, Oakland County. We found him occupying a spacious and elegant farm house on his home farm near the Springfield post-office. Mr. Ellis has other farms, but his stock of breeding horses and mares is kept at home. An evening pleasantly passed in conversation, discussing horses and horse matters, a night's sleep after a long ride across the country facing a north wind, and we were prepared to enjoy a tour of the yards, inspecting the horses. The day was a perfect one for a ramble, the sun shone with unusual brilliancy, and a cold wind from the north-west was sufficient to keep us moving with alacrity.

We were first taken to the stable occupied by El Paso, a three-quarters blood Percheron. We find him a horse that will weigh about 1600 pounds, a steel gray in color, with very heavy white mane and tail. He is a horse of great breadth of quarters and stifle, chest to match, good bone and muscle; has compactness, elegance, and high style combined; is an easy traveler, and one we would select to breed high styled coach and coupe horses. We saw a mare colt at Mr. Babcock's stable in Anderson Settlement, and a pair of geldings that are broken to harness at Mr. Joseph Curtin's place that confirm our opinion of the horses in this respect. At the Northeastern Fair, at Flint, in 1886, El Paso was shown in general purpose class and won first premium with four of his get. At Pontiac and Fenton fairs he was shown in same class with the Percheron stallion Ingomar 1820, and won second premium.

We were next shown the pure bred stallion Ingomar 1820, and we find him much better than we saw him in the same stall two years ago. He is a jet black in color, stands 16 hands high, and weighs 1,650 pounds when in show condition. He is a horse that is very compact, has a very fine head, rather small ear, a clean, stylish, well-arched neck, well cut up in the throat, has a good loin, very broad stides, plenty bone, heavy muscles, extra good feet (a thing that should not be overlooked in a stock horse), is a good mover either trotting or walking, and is a horse of very symmetrical proportions in every particular. At the Flint Fair, 1886, sixteen of Ingomar's colts were shown and fourteen of them won premiums. At Pontiac, same year, seventeen were shown and sixteen won premiums. At Fenton Fair eleven of them were shown and ten of them won premiums. Ingomar also won sweepstakes premium for stallion and foal.

El Paso and Ingomar are both horses of tractable disposition, as they are often harnessed together and driven to carriage. We saw them driven before the carriage through the crowd on Fenton fair ground in 1885.

At the rear stable we found the three year old stallion Patchon 5001 (478) that Mr. Ellis purchased of W. L. Elwood, De Kalb, Illinois, last November. He is a black with star; foaled April 10th, 1884; imported in 1885; bred by Mr. Lacombe, Bellon, Thiel. Sire Philbert (4634), by Old Philbert, by Superior (730), by Favori L. (711), by Vieux Chassla (713), by Coco (712), by Mignon (715), by the famous Jean-le-Blanc (739), a direct descendant from the noted Arab stallion, Galiophil, that stood in the stud stables of Piu in 1820. Dam Elizabeth (6477), who died by Philbert (4634), as before. Patchon is registered in the Percheron stud book of France and in the Percheron stud book of America. Patchon is bred nearly the same as the great stallion Cheri 5079, at the head of W. L. Elwood's stud stables; also carries much of the same blood as Brilliant 1271, at the head of M. W. Dunham's stud. Patchon is very symmetrical in proportions, has a very fine coat of hair, good heavy bone and muscles, fine style and good action. We predict that much interest will be centered in this horse in the future, and certainly if close inbreeding will give him powers of prepotency, there will not be much lacking in him as a sire.

We saw among the colts a bay stallion, coming two years old in April, sired by Ingomar, fifteen-sixteenths Percheron blood, that weighed 1,380 pounds when less than twenty months old. He is a very promising colt, and is an example that will show what can be produced by continuous crossing with Percheron blood. We were also much pleased with a half-blood black stallion colt, sired by Ingomar, that has a good general appearance, a fine head, good style and plenty of bone and muscle. At Mr. B. J. Phillips' stable we saw a pair of black colts sired by Ingomar that have fine heads and ears, good, heavy, thick-set bodies, and match pretty well. In fact we were compelled to believe that Ingomar is an extra good sire, all of his colts carrying the same characteristics that would single him out as a superior horse in almost any crowd one might select of draft horses.

Mr. Ellis had a good lot of colts running in the yard, sired by El Paso and Ingomar, that are allowed plenty of exercise, and are not over-fed with heating or stimulating food. Being raised in the most natural and healthful way, they have a long period of usefulness before them.

To any one interested in good draft horses, we would suggest: Go and see Mr. Ellis' stallions, and after a few hours' conversation with the owner and a thorough inspection of the horses, we believe you will be enthused with new love for good horses.

TROTTING BRED STALLIONS.

Mr. W. A. Gibson, of Jackson, this State, offers the services of his two trotting stallions, Tremont 1565 and Olmedo Wilkes 3770, to the public for the season of 1887. The breeding of these horses and the record Tremont has made for himself as a sire of trotters, entitles these horses to consideration from breeders when the selection of a first-class speed producing stallion is being made. Tremont 1565 was sired by Belmont 64, dam Virginia by Abdallah 15; second dam Gray Goose by Nottingham's Norman, a son of the Morse Horse, third dam by Brown Consul. Belmont was also by Ab-

dallah, so from both sides he has the blood of this great sire of trotters. Such a concentration of a particular strain of blood gives prepotency and value as a sire, especially when the animal himself possesses in a large degree the qualities which the breeder is seeking to reproduce. And this is the case with Tremont, for not only is he a trotting bred horse, but his performance on the track entitles him to be considered as a trotter. When seven years old, after a season of 75 races in the stud, he trotted the seventh heat of a race in 2:28 1/4, winning it by his gameness and lasting speed. As a sire he has credited to him Monte, Aconite and Bellereene, with four-year-old records of 2:33, 2:34, and 2:39 1/4 respectively. In general appearance Tremont has all the marks of a trotter, and enjoys entire freedom from defects or blemishes. His colts always have good clean limbs and feet.

Olmedo Wilkes 3770, is now four years old, so it is yet too early to speak of his abilities as a sire of trotters. But if there is anything in breeding, and we think the history of the American horse has demonstrated to a certainty that there is, a stallion bred like this youngster must produce speedy trotters. The sire of Olmedo Wilkes was Onward 1411, he by George Wilkes 519, and out of Dolly, by Mambrino Chief 11. Dolly was the dam of Thoredale 2:22 1/4, and Director 2:37 1/4. Nearly all writers on the subject agree that for the ordinary farmer, with his usual facilities for fattening pigs, a thoroughbred boar of small bone crossed on sows that have plenty of constitution, and that might perhaps be considered a little coarse, produce the best average results. I have followed this practice myself, and will give you the results of my experience. My first boar was an Essex, and his pigs were most satisfactory, maturing early, docile and easily fattened. At the bench, in cutting up, I found the strips for the barrel of fine quality and very thick, but the belly stock, which I put into bacon, was heavy and too fat. The hams were very large and the fresh meat a little dark. My next purchase was a Yorkshire boar. The pigs were most easily kept and always fat. I obtained the whitest and best livers and spare ribs for the market, a firm and thin rind pork for salting down, but a belly strip that was the reverse of the Essex grades, too light and thin. A Berkshire boar gave pigs that did not fatten readily, but had perfect bacon and hams. After many experiments I should select strong, hearty grade Yorkshire sows and cross with the Berkshire boar. Pigs require plenty of good feed, fed regularly, clean quarters and proper care. Without either one of these requirements, no matter how good stock a farmer may have to begin with, he will not be successful, and his stock will soon begin to deteriorate.

No animals require greater skill in in-and-out breeding, and for the ordinary farmer fresh blood every few years is indispensable. Nothing should be bred under a year old, and experience has shown me that a well-shaped sow that throws a large litter can be kept to advantage eight or nine years. The flow of milk increases up to four years, and will hold as long as she continues to be a good breeder. There is, perhaps, more skill in feeding swine than any other domestic animal. There is nothing like skim milk for young pigs, and yet it cannot be fed profitably for any length of time at over one cent a quart. As a substitute I have used to advantage good bran and crushed oats soaded so as to make a thin mush. After the third month some meal can be added and gradually increased until it takes the place entirely of the bran and constitutes three-quarters of the grain feed.

With spring pigs this feed of grain can be supplemented by one feed a day of green fodder, freshly cut fodder being the best of all. Young pigs should be fed three times a day. Some of the farmers that supply me with pork have been most successful in turning weaned pigs out to clover and feeding only a small ration of skim milk or slops once a day, continuing this until six weeks before marketing them, finishing off in close beans with corn meal and whole corn. One litter of sixteen by a Berkshire boar out of a very good Chester White sow, raised in this way by Mr. Childs of East Mord, Vt., only costs the owner \$35 for grain at six months, averaged 350 pounds dressed weight. Mr. Childs was a skillful feeder. A neighbor of mine last season obtained almost similar results with eleven pigs, very high grade Berkshire. He cut this clover from an old garden patch, and fed daily in a large dry pen. Farm crops of clover were cut off the same ground during the summer. I never saw finer pigs of their age than those. They averaged 200 pounds at less than eleven months.—H. S. Burnett in Rural World.

Washing Butter.

A correspondent of the *Mirror and Farmer* gives some practical instruction on this point: The first great mistake that is made is in not making the buttermilk fluid enough, so it will separate from the butter. When the butter comes in the granular form, put at least two gallons of water, with a handful of salt in it, into the churn, and agitate it slightly. This thins out the buttermilk, makes it more fluid; the salt adds gravity to the casein, and settles it. If this butter is left in the "wash" for a few moments undisturbed, the butter will all rise to the surface in a distinct mass, and then the buttermilk can be drawn off from beneath it, without a sieve. Do not try to draw out all of this fluid. Stop when you think it is nearly out, and then repeat the process, and so on about three times, until the salt will run clear from the buttermilk. Use a handful of salt each time; the last time let the butter drain all it will, and then salt it when in this wet stage. You cannot oversalt very well when butter is very wet to start with and the salt can be burned.

Stirring in salt in a bowl is too antiquated. Get a nice little platform butter-worker with a flat lever, and use it just enough to press—not work—out the surplus moisture. The most needed advice is to use an abundance of water to float the butter up out of the buttermilk, and then one will not need strainers, sieves and butter-bowls. Better yet, salt the butter with brine: one pound of fine salt dissolved in two pounds of water. After the butter is drained from the last washing, turn on the "saturated solution" of salt, let it stand a half hour, draw it off, add more salt to it, and turn it back upon the butter for another half hour or hour; then take upon the butter-worker, and press out the surplus moisture. That is salted then, a half ounce to the pound. No other process of salting can add more dissolved

The Farm

The Most Profitable Pig.

The question of to-day is, what pig is the most profitable for us to breed for our home market. This can be easily answered by saying that the pig which in the shortest space of time, on a given amount of food, will produce the most pork. The market has changed even in my day very greatly; formerly the packers wanted a large hog weighing from 400 to 600 pounds, from one to two years old, and paid the highest price for such pork. To-day these same buyers want pigs weighing from 200 to 300 pounds, and prefer those not over ten months old. Compton's grade Shorthorn steer of to-day, with its almost perfect symmetry and small amount of waste, to the beef animal of fifty years ago, and what do we find? In the former as much beef at two years of age, and of much better quality than in the latter at four years of age. Similar results are obtained with our best grade pigs, for we get as much pork in eight months as we formerly did in twelve. Nearly all writers on the subject agree that for the ordinary farmer, with his usual facilities for fattening pigs, a thoroughbred boar of small bone crossed on sows that have plenty of constitution, and that might perhaps be considered a little coarse, produce the best average results. I have followed this practice myself, and will give you the results of my experience. My first boar was an Essex, and his pigs were most satisfactory, maturing early, docile and easily fattened. At the bench, in cutting up, I found the strips for the barrel of fine quality and very thick, but the belly stock, which I put into bacon, was heavy and too fat. The hams were very large and the fresh meat a little dark. My next purchase was a Yorkshire boar. The pigs were most easily kept and always fat. I obtained the whitest and best livers and spare ribs for the market, a firm and thin rind pork for salting down, but a belly strip that was the reverse of the Essex grades, too light and thin. A Berkshire boar gave pigs that did not fatten readily, but had perfect bacon and hams. After many experiments I should select strong, hearty grade Yorkshire sows and cross with the Berkshire boar. Pigs require plenty of good feed, fed regularly, clean quarters and proper care. Without either one of these requirements, no matter how good stock a farmer may have to begin with, he will not be successful, and his stock will soon begin to deteriorate.

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salt to a pound of butter. When an ounce of salt is left in a pound of butter three-eighths of the salt is undisturbed and is a damage rather than a benefit to the butter.

Feed for Cows, Horses and Pigs.

Prof. E. W. Stewart, in the *Country Gentleman*, says:

Some cob meal may be profitably fed with good clover hay, but not with corn fodder. Cob meal and corn fodder need too much strongly nitrogenous food, such as linseed meal, cottonseed meal or pea meal as feed. It is a ration may be made up as follows: Sixteen lbs. good clover hay, six lbs. cob meal and eight lbs. wheats bran. This is a ration for albuminoids as will answer for a milk ration, but would probably result in a large yield of milk, if not of the richest quality. Of course the clover hay must be cut and moistened, and the meal and bran mixed with it.

Work horses may be fed upon cob meal, bran and corn fodder, but the corn fodder must be cut, wet, and the meal and bran mixed with it, so that both must be eaten together, in which case the horses will be healthy and do good work.

Pigs are benefited by having some fibrous food mixed with their grain. They have been found to do better on finely-ground cob meal than upon clear cornmeal. The reason is that they digest their food better when it goes into the stomach in a porous condition. The cob separates the particles of meal, so that the gastric juice can circulate through the mass. I have known pigs to do well upon cornmeal mixed with short-cut clover hay, and all soaked together. The clover hay, in this case, performs the important office of rendering the cornmeal porous in the stomach. Besides, the pig is naturally as much a grass-eating animal as the horse. Cob meal and bran, mixed with hot water, and allowed to ferment slightly, is an excellent food for pigs.

Agricultural Items.

SEED oats soaked 40 hours in a solution of sulphate of copper were found perfectly free from smut germs. Caustic potash destroyed all such germs in 17 1/2 hours.

TUSCAN is a movement on foot among English horse-breeders to induce the army authorities to buy two-year-olds for military purposes, and have them matured and broken by the government authorities.

A NEW YORK farmer who lives at Lowville, warns farmers against the Brazilian Flour corn and the Golden Dewdrop, varieties of field corn, and the Ne Plus Ultra sweet corn, declaring all these require a longer season to mature than can be relied upon ordinarily in our latitude.

AN action has been begun in the Superior court of the State of New York, to annul the recent election of officers by the N. Y. State Horticultural Society, on the ground of illegal rejection of proxies. The court is requested to order a new election and restore the present officers from managing the business of the Society.

MAPLE sugar which never saw a maple tree—or any other for that matter—is now made in Chicago of glucose and cane syrup and flavored with a "maple flavor" made from hickory bark. Chicago makes and sells as "pure Vermont sugar" more of this adulterated product, annually, than the entire output of Vermont.

IN making maple sugar, a correspondent of the *Cultivator* reminds us the deeper the bore the darker the sugar. An inch for old trees, half an inch for second growth, is the approved rule. The lightest colored and best grade sugar is made from the sap that flows before the buds start. To make the whitest sugar boil down to sugar without stopping the process.

THE potato, says the *American Cultivator*, must be planted on good soil. For early potatoes the ground can hardly be made too rich. It is not safe to manure late potatoes hardly with fresh stable manure, as its fermentation in the soil makes just the conditions in which the potato rot fungus flourishes. But in land rich from previous manuring this danger does not exist.

GOOD oat straw—that is, free from rust and must, is an important forage in the ration of milch cows. Straw is accused of imparting a disagreeable flavor to milk and a tallowy character to butter. Such may be produced by some other straws, or even by that of oats if unsound. Experiments made in Silesia confirm these views. In Schleswig-Holstein, where the most scientific attention is given not only to the preparation of butter, but to the feeding of cows, oat straw enters into the rations of milch stock in the proportion of nine pounds to nine hundred weight of live weight. Oaten straw, in addition, should be chaffed and proportioned to the other rations.

IT is essential to get in some crops early, and the onion is one of the most important. No time should be lost the first opportunity presented, to make full preparation and sow the seed. Once in, even if frost follows, it is safe. If the soil has been manured with well rotted stable manure and plowed in the fall, it can the more surely be prepared early in spring by several draggings. If guano, or other commercial fertilizer, is to be used it should be sowed broadcast and dragged in. In connection with a good manuring of stable manure plowed in it would also be advisable to give a dressing of nitrate of soda, about three or four hundred pounds to the acre.—Vick.

THE AMERICAN CULTIVATOR says: "The curious paradox is presented in under-draining that it freezes more deeply in winter, but so soon as spring comes it rapidly grows warmer than land not drained. There are much greater extremes of temperature, and both heat and cold favor the disintegration of the soil and the development of plant food. In well-drained land there is no surplus of water beyond what the soil will naturally retain. Its freezing, therefore, does not make a solid stratum of ice, and when it thaws the water percolating to the tiles is followed by air which in the spring is always warmer than the soil. At night when the surface freezes the expansion of the soil expels the air, which is replaced on the morrow when the sun is shining brightly. Stagnant water in the soil prevents the circulation of air, and thus keeps down the temperature until the water is gradually dried out by the heat of summer."

That feeling of extreme debility is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was tired all over, but Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new life and strength," says a Pawtucket, R. I., lady. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1 a bottle, or six bottles for \$6.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PERCHERONS.

Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne Co., Mich., Savage & Farnum, Prop's.

IMPORTED & PURE-BRED PERCHERON HORSES

Horticultural.

THE NEW GRAPES.

Geo. W. Campbell, of Delaware, O., in a recent article on grapes gives his opinion of and experience with some of the newer grapes which seem to be of more than ordinary merit. Of the Empire State he says: I have now had a fair opportunity of testing this grape, having had it in bearing for two years, and am glad to say my impressions of it are favorable. It is a strong, healthy grower, and its foliage as entirely healthy and free from disease as any variety I have grown. I think it at least as hardy in winter as the average of our native varieties, absolutely productive, and, to my taste, of very fine quality. For the two years I have fruited it, there have been no indications of rot; but it is fair to say that few other varieties have rotted to any serious extent here the past two years. Two years ago all varieties subject to mildew of the foliage suffered pretty badly, and the Empire State was entirely exempt. It is not as early as claimed by its introducer. It is established before it is ripe—perhaps a little before Concord; but it has not been what I call fully ripe, or in its best condition, quite as early as the Concord. Unlike the Concord and others of its class, it does not lose character or quality by hanging on the vine a month after full maturity, and after being taken from the vine is one of the best long-keeping varieties. I have ever grown. Judging from my experience so far, I should plant it with about as much confidence of success as the Concord or Warden.

The Niagara—I have only fruited this grape the present season. I find the vine a vigorous grower and very productive. Berries and clusters average larger than Empire State. Their period of ripening is, or was the past season, about the same. The foliage of the Niagara was quite healthy this year, but last season showed mildew, though not to any serious extent. It is a showy and handsome grape, and when fully ripe is as good as the Concord in quality but always has too much of the foxy taste and odor to please my taste. Its performance was quite satisfactory the past season, and wherever it succeeds well it will, I think, prove a profitable variety, and not more liable to mildew and rot than the average native varieties.

Warden—Has now been grown a good many years, and in some places is extensively planted. Reports regarding it are strangely conflicting, especially as to its earliness, but the general verdict is favorable. I have grown and fruited it since its first introduction and have seen it in other localities. It is very much like the Concord in its general characteristics. The foliage differs slightly and the canes are a little more slender. The clusters average rather larger, berries about the same, flavor a little more sprightly, pulp tender, and more juicy than Concord; ripens here from a week to ten days earlier, according to the season. It has the same tender and easily broken skin, and does not keep in good condition very long after maturity, either upon the vine or after gathering. In some seasons it has a tendency to shelf off from the stems if a little over-ripe. Its principal, if not its only, superiority to the Concord, consists in its earlier ripening.

Pocklington—I have now had in bearing several years, and it has improved each year. The past season it bore so abundantly, its clusters were so large and handsome, it ripened so well, and proved so generally acceptable as to quality, I came to the conclusion that it had been generally underestimated. Like the Niagara it is too foxy to suit my taste, but of the many who tasted both, in comparison, in my presence the past season, all with a single exception pronounced the Pocklington the better grape. The Niagara seems to be the stronger grower; the Pocklington harder in winter, with foliage less liable to mildew.

Brighton—I think deservedly growing in favor. A strong grower, good bearer, clusters large and handsome, quality very good, and ripens early. In very unfavorable seasons the foliage has mildewed slightly, and it can not endure very severe winters without some protection. When the ground is covered with snow during the mildest weather, simply laying the vines upon the earth is sufficient; but when the thermometer goes to 30 degrees and more, below zero, as it does here at Delaware sometimes, with little or no snow, an additional covering of a few inches of earth is needed. With this protection Brighton can be grown about as successfully as Concord or Warden.

Moore's Early—Has also gained much popularity, and may be regarded as a standard variety, especially for northern regions where early-ripening is indispensable. It is a Concord in habit of growth and foliage, though not quite as strong in growth, and not quite as productive. Its clusters are rather smaller, berries larger; in character and flavor, Concord; but ripening from ten days to two weeks earlier.

François B. Hayes—A rather handsome little white grape, originated by Mr. J. B. Moore, the producer of Moore's Early. I regard it as promising, as it ripens a week or ten days before Concord and is really very good in quality—sweet, rich, and almost free from foxiness. In general habit of growth it is much like the Martha, but handsomer in color and earlier in ripening. The skin also, though thin, is more consistent and I think will bear handling and shipping much better.

Vergennes—is a handsome red grape which has never failed here to bear and ripen well, though a little variable. It has generally ripened about with the Concord, but the past season it was a week to ten days later. This I attributed to the heavy crop, as it was allowed to over-bear. It however ripened both fruit and wood well, and has shown no rot, but foliage has mildewed a little in unfavorable seasons. It was quite healthy the past year.

Early Victor—Though not as early as at first claimed, has many good qualities. It seems entirely hardy and perfectly healthy; and I have never seen nor heard of its being affected with mildew or rot. Here it ripens about with the Warden. The berries and clusters are only medium in size, but it is very productive and the fruit is pure-flavored, without foxiness, and so much better than Hartford, Champion, or Telegraph that when it becomes better known I think it will super-

cede and take their places, unless it is superseded by some of the newer kinds which prove better and earlier.

Jefferson—is also a variety which I prize highly, though it requires protection in our severest winters and is ten days to two weeks later than Concord. But its large, handsome red clusters, and its high, pure, and delightful flavor, much like, but even better than the Ionia, make it worth all the extra trouble necessary to grow it successfully. It is a strong grower, and productive, and when the thermometer does not go much below zero does not require winter protection.

There are other varieties that I regard as promising, among which may be named Ulster, Prolific and Poughkeepsie Red, but I have not had sufficient experience with them to say more. I may mention that I have several seedlings from the Niagara in bearing this year, and that I saw others from two different sources. Without exception all were white, some were smaller, and some about the same size as the Niagara.

Several seemed better flavored and entirely free from the foxy taste or odor; and one of the latter was at least two weeks earlier. It now seems as though the famous Niagara may become even more famous as the parent of a race superior to itself. Some of its seedlings are certainly remarkable.

New grapes are increasing with great rapidity. I have had samples of new grapes sent me the past season in greater number than ever before, and as a rule of much higher quality. Several of them would have been worth a fortune a few years ago, and are really fine grapes, as compared with the best. But the standard of excellence has so advanced that it now requires a grape of very high character to make an impression.

But we are progressing permanently and surely, and the day is coming when American grapes will stand second to none upon the earth. The phylloxera-striken vineyards of Europe are even now being replanted with them. There will be failures with inferior kinds, and though we may not be able to "prove all," we will try to "hold fast to those that are good."

Never Heard of its Being Tried.

The Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you be kind enough to tell me through your columns, if you have ever been aware of such a performance as the grafting upon a maple tree of currants and roses, or using cions of the pear upon the caulk mountain ash?

Cairo, Mich. JAMES BENTLEY.

The Language of Horticulture.

What droll things are to be met with in *Gardeners' Gazettes*, or *Half-hours with Horticulture*, or in *Conservatory Chronicles*, or in whatever other blue-apron and pruning-knife journal falls under the non-technical eye! Here is a peep into one of them, just to show its fruits of learning and flowers of speech. In it we read of an orchard-house in full swing; of a stage in a conservatory; of melons having a collar; of a primula getting a habit; or gloxinias wanting a shift; of all plants requiring to be dressed; of peaches forming blossoms; of potatoes having spurs; of pines wanting hot-water pipes under their beds; of specimens being starved to rest; of roses being impatient; of aspens or a free use of leached ashes is also good. Tobacco stems as before stated are excellent. And after the ground is frozen a mulch of coarse hay or coarse manure sufficient to retain the frost until late in spring, and thus retard the blooming until late frosts have ceased. All these things are to be thought of and practiced according to circumstances.

Fungus Diseases of the Vine.

Prof. Scribner, of the Department of Agriculture, lectured the N. J. State Horticultural Society on the above subject.

In word and picture he explained the nature and habits of downy mildew, and grape rot. All these fungi are propagated by summer and winter spores, the former being non-sexual, the latter the result of sexual fertilization. The downy mildew makes its appearance in warm and wet weather, from middle of June to last of August. It hinders the maturing of the new growth and of the fruit. In France and Italy the following remedy is used with success: Dissolve 2½ pounds of sulphur of potassium in four gallons of boiling water; dilute with 40 gallons of cold water and strain. Spray the vines by means of a hand pump before blossoming time. Flowers of sulphur are useless. The often recommended mixture of milk of lime and sulphate of copper is a sure cure, but its application inconvenient.

The powdery mildew appears in dry seasons, but the damage done by it to the country generally is but slight. Contact with sulphur and even sulphur fumes in hot weather. Bagging, if done early, almost always protects the berries from rot.

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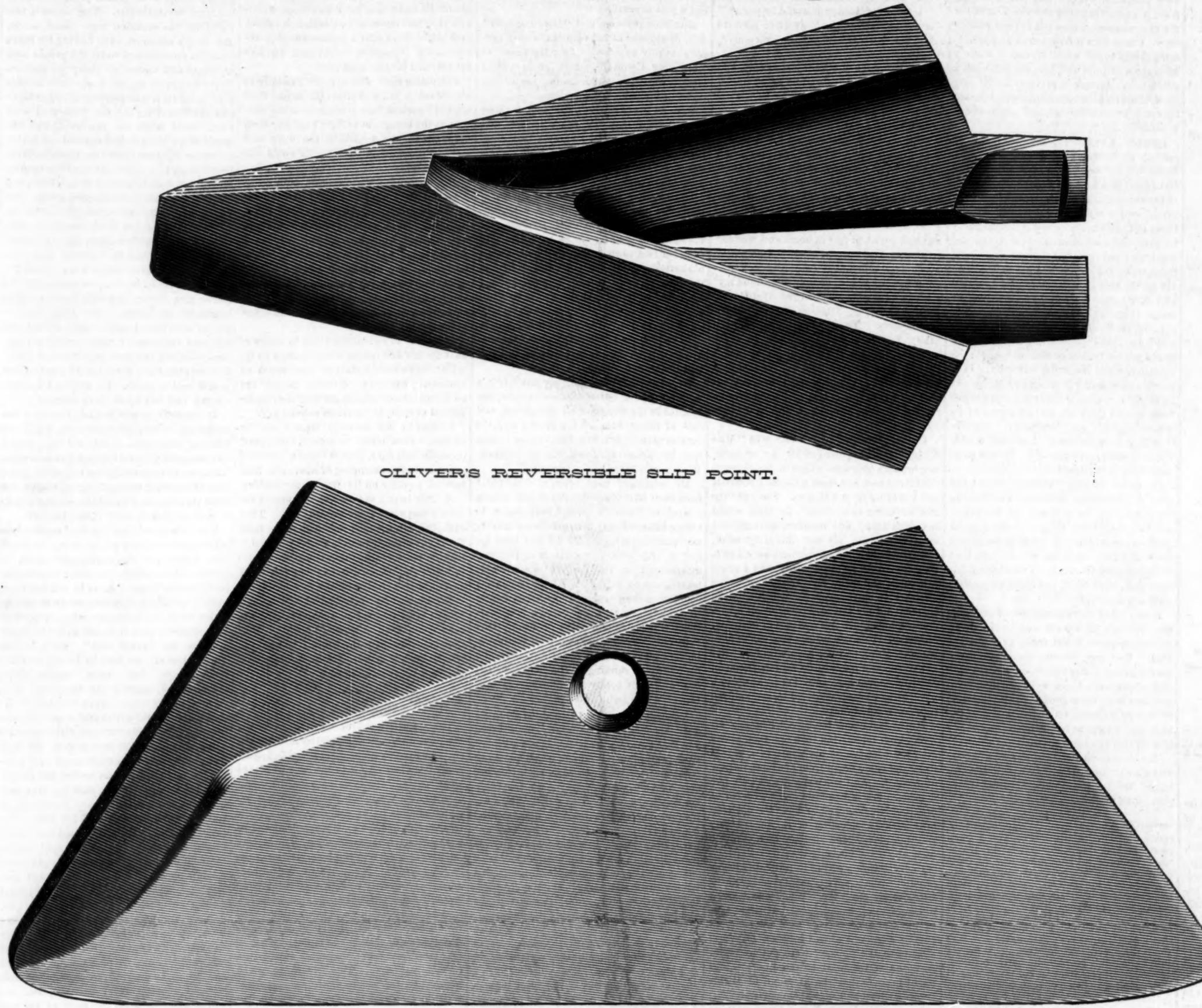
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Poetry.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

All alone in my room at last! I wonder how far they have travelled now? They'll be very far when the night is past, And so would I—if I knew but how. How calm she was with her saint-like face, Her eyes are violet, mine are blue, How careless I am with my mother's lace! Her hands are whiter and softer, too.

They have gone to the city beyond the hills; They must never come back to this place again! I'm almost afraid to sit here so still, Wish it would thunder, and lighten, and rain. Oh, no! for some one may not be at rest. Some one, perhaps, is travelling to-night. I hope that the moon may shine instead! And heaven be starry, and earth all bright.

It is only one summer that she's been here, It has been my home for seventeen years! And seventeen seasons of happy bloom Fall dead to-night in a rain of tears. His dark, all dark in the midnight shades, Father in heaven, may I have rest? One hour of rest for this aching head? For this throbbing heart in my weary breast!

I loved him more than she understands. For him I pray for my soul in truth, For him I am kneeling with lifted hands, To lay at his feet my shattered youth. I loved, and I love him still, More than father, mother, or life; My hope of life was to bear his name; My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His wife! the name that angels breathe, The words shall not crimson my cheek with shame!

Two would have been my glory that name to wreath In life, and only earthly from which it came. And the kiss I gave to the bride to-night! His bride till life and light grow dim— God only knows how I pressed her lips. That the kiss to her might be given to him!

IN THE SPRING.

All the songs been said? Are all the singers dead? All the music fled?

Thi sun and sun of life One dreary struggle, rife With greed and sordid strife!—

Man beats a dull machine, Living a vast routine Of narrow purpose mean?

Oh! while one leaf swings high Against an azure sky In spring time's ecstasy,

There breathes yet the sublime, There beats yet living rhyme, 'Tis still the young world's prime.

Nature has high commands, Bears gifts with lavish hands To him who understands!

—The Cornhill Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

OLD MR. CONROY'S LADY COMPANION.

SEPTEMBER 13th, 1885.—I am seventy today, and feel very depressed and out of sorts. The fact is I am a lonely, disappointed old man—not through any fault of mine, but all owing to Dick's confounded obstinacy and selfishness—two of the most abominable vices that disfigure human nature. If a beggar in the streets is wretched, it seems only natural and what one might expect; but that I should be unhappy is not only aggravating—it is ridiculous.

To begin with, I am the head of a good English family which has never been accustomed to put out of its way or worried in any matter. Go into the old church down below there in the village, and you will find a chapel almost as big as the church itself—a chapel with its walls covered all over with brasses and florid old mural tablets, its floor covered by fat-topped tombs wherein lie knights in effigy, and its stained glass windows bright with the herald's art. Whole family do these things glorify! Mine. Whole name furnishes the sign for the village inn? Mine. Whole house is "the house" of the whole country side? Mine.

It is a home fit for a duke, large, stately, many-gabled, ivy-clad—the outgrowth of wealth and luxury enjoyed by my forefathers for many generations. It is a house that would be a show place if I would only show it; but I do not mean to do so. I detest the notion of having a lot of vulgar people prying about the place on bank holidays, or any other days, so far as that goes. I don't want to go poking my nose into poor people's houses, and why should they want to come sniffing mine?

As to the park, it is nice a little park as you will find in all England—none of your jumped-up enclosures, but a thoroughly well-chosen bit of upland and hollow, with broad acres beyond that bring me in as good a rental as one can expect in these Socialistic land-nationalizing times.

And I married well too, for though I had a good stretch of land before that event, it brought me more. She was the Honorable Priscilla Phipps—a trifly ne'er-never, but possessed of a pedigree that was like an Atlantic cable for length. My marriage was an illustration of how judgment can triumph over sentiment.

I don't know whether I have mentioned it, but I am firm—astonishingly firm. My heart never had a chance with my head; and it was just because of this that I was able to give up all thought of Connie and marry Priscilla. Let me see—did I speak about Connie before? No. Oh, well, she was a sort of governess at a house where I visited when I was a youngster!

But she was pretty—exquisitely, absolutely pretty! I am positive about it, because I am a judge of that kind of thing—I always was. I know the points in a woman just as well as I know them in a horse. Why, I am fond of them now—women, I mean—and can make myself pleasant to them too, I can tell you!

Well, the drawback to Connie was this—she was just nobody. She was the daughter of people who came from nowhere, and did not even know where that was. She was poor, as a matter of course; but I think I could have overlooked that objection. It was the "nobodys" that settled the matter. Yet I loved her dearly, and had been a selfish man, should have married her. As it was, I remembered my position and married Priscilla.

From this you will see that it is no idle boast when I say that unselfishness and

firmness are the two strongest points in my character.

One day I told Priscilla about Connie, and she told me about a cavalry officer who proposed to her with only two hundred pounds a year; and we both laughed till the butler came and asked if we were ill.

I was very happy with Priscilla. She always adopted my views, did just what I told her to do, and went my way—not because I exercised my authority over her but because she felt that I knew best. She was a most sensible woman, and so of course I lost her just as Dick was born.

I was a most indulgent father. I used to toss the baby for five minutes together, and kiss it when its mouth was dry. But it was very obstinate. When you put it on the floor, it would crawl towards the door or the fire or somewhere where you did not want it to go. I have seen it refuse milk and whole-some things to eat while trying its hardest to swallow marbles and bite the paint off a doll's face. It was a perverse baby, and grew into a troublesome little boy. By-and-by came the school-days and fresh disappointments.

I sent Dick to Eton, and begged him to be careful about the companions he made. What was the result? He formed but one fast friendship, and that was with a fellow of the name of Jack Hobson, the son of a manufacturer of starch or mustard, or something of the sort, while he was at some pains to give the cold shoulder to a son of my neighbor Lord Esk. Of course I argued the point with Dick, but it was not of any use. He merely said that Hobson was a "brick" and Esk's son a "cad," and told me he meant to choose his own friends.

Later on came the question of college; and I was fool enough to ask Dick which he would prefer, Oxford or Cambridge. He immediately chose the junior university. I explained to him that it was more Radical in its tendencies than Oxford; but this did not move him in the least, and only elicited the remark, "Bully for Cambridge!"—an untranslatable vulgarism of American origin. Well, he went to Cambridge. He did more—

the sixth maiden who came was "Miss Right," and I closed with her off-hand.

She brought only two letters of recommendation; but one was from a Cabinet Minister and the other from a Bishop. She was "the sort of thing to sit next," as Dick would say, with small fine features, large earnest eyes, a delicate yet not unhealthy color, nut-brown hair, and a compact little figure.

She was in all respects a lady, had a sweet low voice, and made no pretence of being anybody in particular—by which I mean that she did not tell any yarns about aristocratic connections, sad reverses of fortune, &c. &c. I do not believe she would have come if Maria had not been with me. Her name, she told me, was Constance Denham. She came down here with her traps about a week after we had arranged terms, and fell into our ways at once.

It was just about tea-time when she arrived, and, on hearing that tea was nearly due, she whipped off her wraps in a twinkling, and came down from her room in time to make it. And she made it just as I like it made. Maria was rather stiff with her at first, but she managed to make the old lady hear without squalling or roaring at her, and the lovers of Jews, blacks, heathen, thieves, and other bad characters.

My neighbor's sons behaved differently from their wives and daughters, for within a week of Connie's arrival they began to

show extraordinary interest in my health, and would sit with me for the half hour together.

On these occasions Miss Dunham disappeared at the earliest opportunity, leaving me to extract what amusement I could from the young men's pittoresque efforts to make believe that they cared a brass farthing whether I was alive or dead. One "masher" covered himself with confusion in the endeavor to talk about my gout while his mind was running on the subject of my companion, by boldly asking after the welfare of "Miss Denham's leg."

You may judge what I thought of Connie's good sense and warm heart, when I tell you that I went over Dick's affair with her from beginning to end and found her sympathetic. Why, the tears came into her eyes, and she was not only sorry for me—she was sorry for Dick as well! The only trait in her character which disappointed me was her inability to see why I could not have Dick back; her obtuseness on this point almost amounted to obstinacy.

I showed her a photograph of Dick, and the dear little soul looked at it quite affectionately. It proved how thoroughly she had identified herself with the family.

There was one thing about Connie which puzzled me immensely—she wrote pages

every day to some unknown correspondent

and always posted her letters herself. In a general way I am not in the least inquisitive, but I must confess to having been anxious to know why Connie wrote so much and so often. I asked Maria if she had noticed the letter writing mania and found that she had; but when I inquired the meaning of it, she became aggravatingly deaf. She twisted the word "meaning" into "cleaning," "weaning," "beaming," "steaming," and a score of other absurdities.

But I ferreted the thing out without her.

I came to the conclusion that there was a lover in the case, and charged Connie on suspicion.

Her responsive blushes were something to see. She turned red-hot, rose up from her chair in a hurry, and gave me six doses of medicine one after the other in quick succession and before I had time to protest; but she looked so pretty while she was doing it that I forgave her and bore no malice.

By-and-by we talked the matter over confidentially, she kneeling down beside me, as if her father-confessor, and looking shy,

as if she had been avoided town and large villages. A far-reaching view from any lofty hill would move my small companion like a strain of music or a pathetic story, and the more she felt the less she said. It grew at last to be a rule with us to pull up on reaching any vantage-ground, and to sit and study the distant scene in silence broken only by the clinking of the bits and the cracking of the harness, while the horses themselves pricked their ears and seemed to know that we were there.

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SIGNS OF SPRING.

When winter leaves the lap of spring, it's all up with tobogganing. Early crocuses appear. The base ball season's drawing near. When flowing is the maple sap, the sparkling glass is placed on tap. When geese are flying north in flocks, We're near the vernal equinox. When Sol the ground begins to dry, The clouds of spring begin to fly. When dust is flying, then, I wean, The watering carts are never seen. When tearful April weas the ground, 'Tis then the watering carts go round. When poets sing to spring their sonnets, Young ladies think of Easter bonnets.

A Chinese Beggar.

A writer on China says that he well remembers one case among all the wretchedness and disease found among the beggar class of Pekin which moved his pity and which for months he regularly relieved. It was the case of an old man, ragged and shivering with cold, who sat every day by the street side. He was not half clothed, and thrust out in front of him were his feet, which had evidently been frozen, and were literally rotting off.

A Disappointed Duelist.

Under the Restoration Paris was infested by crowds of well-dressed bullies who went about seeking to fasten quarrels on peaceable people. The adventures of one of these gentry is amusing.

He was in the habit of frequenting a restaurant, where he became a daily terror to the non-dueling patrons. On a certain occasion he espied a worthy "bourgeois" gentleman sunning himself on the terrace, sipping his mocha, which did not seem to suit him.

The bully approached the table, and with a twirl of his bell-shaped moustaches, said: "You don't seem to be satisfied, sir?"

"No, monsieur, this mocha is not at all good-to-day."

The bully then executed his grand "tour de force" by sticking the end of his cane into the gentleman's cup and vigorously stirring the contents, while he assumed the ferocious air of one who was being insulted.

"Perhaps it's better now," he remarked when he had finished the manoeuvre.

"Well," said the writer, very much disgusted, "I should think an old man like you would be ashamed to swindle people in this way. Haven't you a trade and cannot you earn a living in some honest way?"

To which the old man replied, as simply and frankly as though his calling were quite honest and praiseworthy:

"Oh, yes; I'm a shoemaker, and have been thinking of giving up this line of business, for it don't pay nearly as well as it used to. There are too many beggars now, and, after all, it's pretty hard work sitting there on the ground all day and shooting out 'have pity!' I believe I'll go back to mending shoes."

In a day or two he appeared with his kit of tools and his bench by the side of the street quiet near the writer's residence, and there he mended shoes for some ten years, until his death, which occurred in 1882.

Queer Things About Money.

A woman who bought an old-fashioned bureau at a second-hand store in Cincinnati discovered a secret drawer in it which contained \$1,300 in gold and old bank bills.

Money was so scarce in certain counties of Southwestern Texas during the earlier part of the winter that in some instances the skins of javelina hogs were used as a circulating medium, and "possum skins were frequently offered in liquidation of grocery bills.

The "Squire" is confident that the money is his own, but he has no recollection of having placed it in the pocket.

John Monroe, a young man living with his widowed sister in the northern part of Georgia, was digging a hole for a potato bin in his cellar the other day, when his spade broke open an earthen pot containing \$1,430 in gold. The coin had been buried by his sister's husband during the war and subsequently forgotten.

A young farmer in Des Moines County, Iowa, had saved up \$300 in bank bills, wrapped a piece of paper around them and stuck the roll up the chimney in his bedroom for safe-keeping. One cold afternoon his mother put a stove in the room and built a roaring fire in it, and when the young man returned to supper only the charred remains of the notes could be found.

Some months ago a lady living in Butler, Ga., through fear of the depredations of tramps, put \$110 in bank-notes in a pasteboard box and buried it in the yard near the wood-pile. Last week she went out to get it, and found that box and bills had been badly mutilated by wood-lice. She has sent the notes to the bank which issued them for redemption.

The pet cat belonging to Mrs. Lucy Cain, of Hannibal, Mo., brought a mouse into the parlor recently, and with it a small piece of paper money. Mrs. Cain thought nothing about the occurrence until one day last week, when she discovered that a roll of bills was missing from her bureau drawer. Then she put two and two together and began a vigorous search of the premises. The missing bills were finally unearthed in a corner of the cellar, where a colony of mice had made a nest of them.

Printers and Cooks.

One who travels much in this country and stays at hotels gets the impression that the hotel keepers are much more particular about choosing a printer than a cook, writes Charles Dudley Warner. Probably in other country are the bills of fare so fine, so elaborate, so handsome, as ours. They are often a fine art and intellectual treat. If a person could live on an intellectual treat, no other people would be so well fed at hotels as we are. We do not spare language; French, German, sometimes English, are impressed into the service. The traveler cannot always read his bill of fare, but that is the fault of his education; and he is lucky in one thing—if he cannot tell what he is going to have, he is troubled by no disappointment, for he can rarely tell what he has had after he tastes it. A clamor is now and then raised that the people of the United States, so asservative of their national hygiene and proud of their language, ought to have their bills of fare printed in English.

The sufficient reply is that they would not look as well, not have so much "style," not seem to be so well worth the money. Sometimes a mixture of languages has a good effect for it adds intelligibility to the air of good society. At a recent banquet of the Carpenters' Union in a large western city the "menu," among other curiosities, had this course: "Poissons—Turkey, buffalo tongue, sugar-cured ham." This was naturally followed by "hors d'oeuvre." The introduction of a little French enlivens a dinner, and in a mixed company where there may be those whose faith excludes them from pork, the conscience may be quieted by eating ham as fish.

The hotels, by all means, should keep up their style. It is easier to get up a hand-some bill of fare than a good dinner, and when it is inconvenient to have the latter we cling to the former. Those who want the bills printed in English are radicals, who would drag down the bill to the level of the dinner. It is said that good wine never bus no bus, and the time may come when a dinner will need no bill of fare, or only one in English; but we are not yet in the millennium. We are a reading people, and it is much more important to our souls that we should have something to read than something to eat.

A Disappointed Duelist.

Under the Restoration Paris was infested by crowds of well-dressed bullies who went about seeking to fasten quarrels on peaceable people. The adventures of one of these gentry is amusing.

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Too Inimitable.

A gentleman residing in Ceylon wished to make a present to a maiden aunt of his living in London, and he could think of nothing so suitable and likely to be a source of amusement to her as minna—a small bird, corresponding in appearance and size to an English blackbird, and rivaling the parrot in powers of imitation. Procuring a good specimen of the species, fresh from the forest, he set a watch upon his own tongue, avoiding all slang, and being very careful in respect of grammar. Then, taking the bird on board a vessel about to sail for England, he gave it to the ship's cook, with a promise that if the bird was delivered into the hands of the lady with its vocabulary undefined a bonus of ten shillings would be forthcoming, whereupon the cook promised to take all possible care of the bird—to nourish him and watch over his morals. On the voyage the minna exercised a marked influence for good over one part, at least, of the vessel, and the cook's cuddy was a perfect hall of prophy, and in due course he received his ten shillings. A few weeks passed, and then the gentleman in Ceylon received a letter from his aunt. She thanked him for his gift, but said she had been obliged to part with the minna—not, however, on account of the expressions he made use of, for his language was correctness itself, but she could not endure all day long plaintive cries of "Steward!" with marvelous, never-ceasing imitations of the distressful sounds issuing from the lips of passengers suffering from sea-sickness.

Victoria and Her Reign.

In the thousand and sixty years which have elapsed since Egbert was made King of all England there have been but three occupants of the throne whose reigns have been so prolonged as that of Queen Victoria.

But her Majesty will, in the course of this year, have reigned, in one sense, longer than any English sovereign; for of the three Kings whose reigns will have exceeded hers at the jubilee celebration in June next not one actually ruled for so long a period as fifty years. King Henry III was crowned on the death of King John in 1216, but the regency was intrusted to the Earl of Pembroke, and it was not until 1222 that the King was declared of age. King Edward III succeeded to the throne on the deposition of his father in 1327; but it was not until 1330 that he assumed the government, so that he only ruled from that date to his death in 1377—forty-seven years.

King George III practically ceased to reign six weeks after the completion of his fifty years' reign; but if we except the period during which his former mental affliction lasted—namely, from the beginning of November, 1789, until the following February—his Majesty's actual rule fell below the period of fifty years.

Small Talk.

One who travels much in this country and stays at hotels gets the impression that the hotel keepers are much more particular about choosing a printer than a cook, writes Charles Dudley Warner. Probably in other countries the bills of fare so fine, so elaborate, so handsome, as ours. They are often a fine art and intellectual treat. If a person could live on an intellectual treat, no other people would be so well fed at hotels as we are. We do not spare language; French, German, sometimes English, are impressed into the service. The traveler cannot always read his bill of fare, but that is the fault of his education; and he is lucky in one thing—if he cannot tell what he is going to have, he is troubled by no disappointment, for he can rarely tell what he has had after he tastes it. A clamor is now and then raised that the people of the United States, so asservative of their national hygiene and proud of their language, ought to have their bills of fare printed in English.

It came about after this wise. The city was flocking to the orchid show and an

afternoon of bright March weather had brought out the feminine world in force.

Furs were a burden and the winter cloak was a weariness to the flesh. The sunshine searched out every worn spot, every faded strip, every gap in the harness wrought by a season's wear and tear. The December gown was stuffy; it was odious in the warm, vivifying air. It was time for a change, but who should be the first to make it? Dresses like sheep follow each other in unquestioning order, but who should be the first to leap the wall?

The room was filling fast when in stepped a pretty girl. She had the elastic tread, the clear skin, the bright eye, the blowing hair that belong to American young womanhood, but nobody looked at her for these. Every woman was bent on her, hat, on, hat, on.

The rest of the assemblage were winter; she was spring. I have no memory for the details of the costume. I only know that it was in browns and grays, with a touch of red here and there, a ribbon sash fluttering from the skirt, a bunch of posies nodding on the head. There was no tourne. The drapery fell in simple, natural folds. A modest, unobtrusive garb in every particular, quietly worn. Every woman gazed at the flowers and became conscious that the season for feathers was gone. Every woman noted the tailor jacket and felt a sudden pang of disgust at the weight of a belated sealink. A moment before they were uneasy. They had been on the verge of a transition. The young girl had precipitated the crisis. It was upon them. They may go!

Young Husband—Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear? Young Wife (anxiously). Oh, I hope not.

She was an awfully pretty girl, charmingly dressed. "I am a Javelle!" said one of the girls. "With an unusual appearance of interest, "that's a charming croachaw, don't you think?" "Taas," replied the other. "It's a very pretty package, handsomely done up."

"Oh," said Mrs. Fauifax, describing a girl to the Mammoth Cave, "the whole ceiling is covered with long satellites that reach nearly to the ground, and the echoes sound like the cries of the dead people down in Plato's regions you read about in Dante's 'Inferno.'

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"Oh," said Mrs. Fauifax, describing a girl to the Mammoth Cave, "the whole ceiling is covered with long satellites that reach nearly to the ground, and the echoes sound like the cries of the dead people down in Plato's regions you read about in Dante's 'Inferno.'

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telegraphed forthwith to the War Department to remove him immediately from his command; that he had been offered \$200,000 in cash to violate his orders, and that was so near his price that he was afraid the next offer would bring him, so he wanted to settle with me."

Nothing Slow About Them.—"Parisians," said the General, "are a very slow people. I am told that they shall be nothing slow about their country." "Indeed," responded Smith. "Yes," said Brown, "they consume about fifty tons of snails each season."

"How styles have changed since I was a girl," said

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

Detroit, April 4, 1887.

FLOUR.—Market quiet but steady at unchanged values. The Minneapolis output was heavy the past week, and the market there was weaker.

Quotations are as follows:

Michigan, stone process	\$2.50	25c	75
Michigan roller process	\$2.50	25c	00
Michigan patent	\$2.50	25c	00
Minnesota, hard	\$2.50	25c	00
Minnesota, patent	\$2.50	25c	00
Miss. Western	\$2.50	25c	40
Wyo. Western	\$2.50	25c	00
Low. grades	\$2.50	25c	00

WHEAT.—The week closes with wheat higher than a week ago on spot, but slightly lower on some of the speculative markets. Business has been light, sales of spot and futures for the week being only 732,000 bushels, about half an average. The market closes weak and dull. Latest quotations were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 82c; No. 2 red, 82c; No. 3 red, 79c. Futures—No. 2 red, 82c; No. 3 white quoted at 81c; No. 2 white, 82c; No. 3 white quoted at 82c; light mixed, 80c.

CORN.—Demand fairly active and market steady. Quotations are 80c for No. 2 spot, 80c for No. 3, and 40c for No. 2 yellow.

OATS.—Market dull and a shade lower. No. 2 white quoted at 31c; No. 2 yellow, No. 3 mixed at 28c; light mixed, 30c.

BARLEY.—The market has improved. No. 2 State is quoted at \$1.05; No. 10 cent, \$1.20; 2 western, \$1.20; \$1.25, and No. 3 State at 95c per cent.

RYE.—Quoted at 50c/52c per bushel, with a light demand.

FEED.—Bran quoted at \$14.00/14.50 per ton, fine middlings at \$14.00/15.50, and coarse at \$15.00/15.00 per ton. Market firm.

CLOVER SEED.—Quoted at \$3.00 for prime and \$3 for No. 2. The market has had a downward tendency all week, and closed dull and easy.

BUTTER.—Market continues strong; choice lots of roll command 21@22c per lb., and extra 23@24c. Receipts are light. Creamery is firm, at 26@28c per lb.

CHEESE.—Market quiet but firm. New York full creams are quoted there at 18c@14c, Michigan at 12@14c, and Ohio at 10c@8c. Skims, 8@8c. The demand is confined to small lots, and not active.

HEGGS.—Market firm. Fresh command 12c@14c per dozen. A dull week is looked for after Easter.

APPLES.—Market firm at \$2.50@3.00 per bushel, fair to choice fruit. Fancy lots have sold at \$3.50@4.00 per bushel. Stocks are light.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messinas, \$4.00@4.25; Malagasy, \$5.00@6.00; oranges, Mediterranean, \$4.00@4.50; Floridas, \$4.00@4.25; coconuts, \$1.00, \$5.00@6.00; bananas, \$1.00@1.25; Malaga grapes, \$4.00@4.25; figs, 11@12c for layers, 12@14c for fancy.

BEEESWAX.—Steady at 23@26c per lb., as to quality.

HONEY.—Quoted at \$10.10c per lb., combed and \$6 for extracted. Choice is in demand.

BEANS.—Market has improved, and is steady at \$1.25@1.30 per bushel, for city picked medium; un-picked, 65@70c per bushel.

DRIED APPLES.—Market dull at 14@16c for common, and 12@14c for evaporated.

HAIL.—May.—Now quoted at \$5.00@9.00 per bushel for cover, \$11.00 for No. 1 timothy, and \$6@10 for No. 2. These prices are for car lots.

SALT.—Car lots, Michigan, \$5.00@6.00 per bushel; 10 lb. lots; eastern, 85c; dairy, \$2 per bushel; Ashton quarter sacks, 72c.

POTATOES.—Car lots are quoted at 40@45c per bushel. From store prices are 45@50c per bushel, according to quality. Market dull.

CABBAGES.—Market steady at \$3.00@3.50 per bushel, with little demand.

ONIONS.—Market unchanged at \$2.75@3.00 per bushel, with little doing. Bermudas offered at \$2.50@3.00 per bushel.

CRANBERRIES.—Market firm at \$3.00@3.50 per bushel, for Jersey. Few offering.

CIDER.—Clarified held at 10@11c per gallon; common 8c. Market firm; offerings very light.

POULTRY.—Dressed are quoted as follows: Chickens, 10@11c; turkeys, 12@13c; ducks, 13@14c; geese, 9c per lb. Broilers, 8c@9c; poults, 80@90c, as to size. Live selling as follows: Chickens, 9c; turkeys, 10@11c; ducks, 10@11c. Receipts rather light and demand good.

BEEF.—Timothy dressed from store in bagged lots at \$2.00@2.02@2.03. Clover, \$4.25. Field poults, 65@75c per lb.

HIDES.—Green city, 9c per lb., country, 6@7c; cured, 7@8c; green calf, 7c; salted, 8c; sheep-skins, 80@85c; bull's, stag and grizzly hides 1/2 off.

PROVISIONS.—Market quiet, and entirely unchanged. Quotations here are as follows:

Meat, 100 lbs. \$1.50

Beef, 16 lbs. 75c

Short clear. 17.75

18.00

Lard in slices, 9c per lb. 7.75

8.00

Lard in bags, 9c per lb. 8.00

8.25

Beef, 12 lbs. 12.50

13.00

Beef, 16 lbs. 16.00

17.00

Beef, 20 lbs. 20.00

21.00

Beef, 25 lbs. 25.00

26.00

Beef, 30 lbs. 30.00

31.00

Beef, 40 lbs. 40.00

41.00

Beef, 50 lbs. 50.00

51.00

Beef, 60 lbs. 60.00

61.00

Beef, 70 lbs. 70.00

71.00

Beef, 80 lbs. 80.00

81.00

Beef, 90 lbs. 90.00

91.00

Beef, 100 lbs. 100.00

101.00

Beef, 120 lbs. 120.00

121.00

Beef, 140 lbs. 140.00

141.00

Beef, 160 lbs. 160.00

161.00

Beef, 180 lbs. 180.00

181.00

Beef, 200 lbs. 200.00

201.00

Beef, 220 lbs. 220.00

221.00

Beef, 240 lbs. 240.00

241.00

Beef, 260 lbs. 260.00

261.00

Beef, 280 lbs. 280.00

281.00

Beef, 300 lbs. 300.00

301.00

Beef, 320 lbs. 320.00

321.00

Beef, 340 lbs. 340.00

341.00

Beef, 360 lbs. 360.00

361.00

Beef, 380 lbs. 380.00

381.00

Beef, 400 lbs. 400.00

401.00

Beef, 420 lbs. 420.00

421.00

Beef, 440 lbs. 440.00

441.00

Beef, 460 lbs. 460.00

461.00

Beef, 480 lbs. 480.00

481.00

Beef, 500 lbs. 500.00

501.00

Beef, 520 lbs. 520.00

521.00

Beef, 540 lbs. 540.00

541.00

Beef, 560 lbs. 560.00

561.00

Beef, 580 lbs. 580.00

581.00

Beef, 600 lbs. 600.00

601.00

Beef, 620 lbs. 620.00

621.00

Beef, 640 lbs. 640.00

641.00

Beef, 660 lbs. 660.00

661.00

Beef, 680 lbs. 680.00

681.00

Beef, 700 lbs. 700.00

701.00

Beef, 720 lbs. 720.00

721.00

Beef, 740 lbs. 740.00

741.00

Beef, 760 lbs. 760.00

761.00

Beef, 780 lbs. 780.00

781.00